

# Death and Destruction

O R,

13.

## Unhappy Family. In Three Parts.

Being a full and true Account of one Mrs Seymour a Merchant's Widow of *Bristol*, lay with her own Son unknown to him, and was got with Child by him.

How she went to *Chepstow*, and was privately brought to bed of a Girl, who growing up to be a handsome Woman, was married to her Father and Brother.

How it was discovered; and how thereupon the Mother was put in Prison, and dyed, the Daughter drowned herself, and appeared to the young Man her Father, Brother, and Husband at Sea, who thereupon ran raving mad.

which is Added; Teague and Sawney, &c.



Printed by *Shilling know Age.*

# The Unhappy Family, &c.

**Y**OU mortals all to lust inclin'd,  
Now ponder well and bare in mind,  
This thing which lately hath befall,  
As thousands now the truth can tell.

In *Brostovv* City as we hear,  
One Mrs. *Seymore* I declare,  
A Merchant's Widow, there did dwell,  
Who had one Son as many tell.

A hopeful youth of courage brave,  
But Cupid soon made him a slave,  
Unto his Mother's servant maid,  
Her beauty soon his heart betray'd.

Said he her portion is but mean,  
My Mother's anger I shall gain,  
If that I do make her my Wife,  
And so to end all further strife,

I'll try if she will my Harlot be,  
To ease my lovesick misery,  
Thus said unto the maid he went,  
She little knowing his intent.

With amorous Kisses he did say.  
Sweet Jewel grant me love I pray,  
For Cupid with his piercing dart,  
Has smote me to the tender heart.

The Damsel thus to him did say,  
Forbear your Suit kind Sir I pray,  
Your Mother she will be severe,  
If I should be your Bride I fear.

This beauteous Creature soon did find,  
That he was unto Lust inclin'd.

the mother know the same,  
whose heart was seased with a flame.  
Well, well, said she let me alone,  
him he to your bed shall come,  
point the time and there I'll be,  
to meet him in the room of thee.  
Next night the maid and master they,  
agreed together for to lay,  
in mother in the maidens room,  
went into bed and laid her down.  
Her son in dead of night came there.  
Thinking for to embrace his dear,  
in innocence to bed he went,  
not knowing his mothers base intent,  
With kind Embrace's he then begun,  
for Soul he little thinking then,  
that that it was his only dear,  
and not his mother that did bear,  
The Devil tempted her so strong,  
that she consented to her Son,  
that he her body should defile,  
and so by him she prov'd with child.  
So then from her he straight arose  
and to his own Bed-chamber goes  
not knowing of the deed he had done  
but now the Tragedy does come  
Next day the mother as we hear,  
discharg'd her servant maid for fear,  
the matter should to her be known,  
this wicked deed that she had done.  
She very big with Child did grow:  
that any one the same should know,  
she went to Chepstow as we hear,

where

Where she brought forth a Daughter fair,  
 She in short time return'd again,  
 Leaving the Child there to remain,  
 Great Riches to the Nurse she gave,  
 For to maintain it fine and brave.

This child was beautiful and fair,  
 And when arriv'd to fifteen year,  
 Many a gallant youth there came,  
 Striving her favour to obtain.

One day her Brother as we hear,  
 With a young Lord a drinking were,  
 Who had courted this fair Lady bright.  
 But she his favours all did slight,

Alas! said he I am undone,  
 For her I shall distracted run,  
 If that she will not be my wife,  
 It soon will rid me of my life.

Come sir, said he, pray do not grieve,  
 For you soon will find relief  
 This beauty bright I'll go and see,  
 And let her know your misery,

next day to *Cheaps* town he did ride,  
 Soon as he saw her straight he cry'd,  
 O Angel beauty most divine,  
 Would you consent for to be mine.

I come to serve a Friend said he,  
 By thy sweet charms has tempted me,  
 All friendship I have forgotten quite,  
 I must enjoy thy beauty bright.

He quickly let her know his mind,  
 And found her unto love inclin'd,  
 And in short time they married were,  
 The Father to his Daughter dear,

Then to his mother he did send,  
These was the lines that there was pen'd,  
Dear mother now make ready pray,  
I have new guest to bring to day,

I have a youthful charming Wife,  
The joy and comfort of my life,  
And in few days she home did come,  
This from your most dutiful son,

Great preparations as we hear,  
She made for this young Lady fair,  
In two days time she home did come,  
She for to welcome them did run.

But when she did her face behold,  
Her blood in e'ry vein run cold.  
Her lips grew pale her eyes did flow,  
Her son amaz'd the same to know,

Saying mother pray now tell to me  
Why you dislike my bride said he,  
O heavens it is just she cry'd,  
Your Daughter is become your bride.

I wretched Woman did her bear,  
You are her Father I declare,  
O sure that cannot be he cry'd,  
My child for to become my bride.

If you did bear this child said he,  
Pray how can I the Father be  
Why I betray'd you to my bed,  
When you thought I was my servant maid,

Fifteen long years ago indeed,  
Which thing doth make my heart to bleed,  
Your daughter, wife, and sister too  
She is I for a truth do know.

○ wretched woman void of Grace,  
Of Heaven think to last,  
And you sweet Angel most divine,  
Would I had ne're seen that sweet face of thine

This news being blazed as we hear,  
The mother apprehended were,  
And in a loathsome prison she,  
Did end her misery.

her son forsook his charming bride  
The lady said what e're betide :  
A watry wave shall be my tomb,  
For such on earth there is no room.

For such a sinful wretch as I,  
O most unhappy Destiny,  
That I my Father dear should wed,  
Would I had in my Grave been laid.

what signifies my beauty now,  
To which many a gallant youth did bow.  
Instead of kind embraces sweet,  
Death's frozen arms, i'll go and meet,

I am asham'd each Face to see,  
And my Husband he is as sham'd as me,  
And well he may O sinful Race,  
His child in marriage to embrace.

Thus in distraction straight she went,  
None little knowing her intent.  
Unto a fatal River side,  
which soul and body did divide.

Her husband being on the sea,  
Her fatal death he did fore-see ;  
her Apperition did appear,  
With wringing hands and bitter tears.

but when her dismal Ghost he see,  
 Alas my charming bride said he,  
 'twas the day I the beheld.  
 Whose days was once with pleasure fill'd,  
 So then all comforts he forsook,  
 And after her his Journey took ;  
 For he distracted mad did die,  
 And so i end my Tragedy.

*Teague and Sawney, &c. Tune of, Lillibulero.*

YOU that love mirth give ear to my song,  
 a moment you never can better employ,  
 Sawney and teague were marching along,  
 a bonny scotch loon, and an Irish dear joy ;  
 They had never seen a windmill,  
 nor had they heard of any such name ;  
 As they were walking and merrily talking,  
 at last by geud chance to a wind-mill they came  
 Zwoons, says Sawney, what d'y' call thot ?  
 to tell its geud name I am at a loss :  
 Teague very readily answer'd the scot.  
 be Chreest I believe its St Patricks cross,  
 Sir said Sawney y' mistaken,  
 for its St Andrew's cross I'll swear,  
 There is his bonnet, and garment hangs on it,  
 the muckle gued St. dis in Edinborough wear  
 Nay by my shoul, thou tellest all lees,  
 for dat I will swear is St. Patrick's coat ;  
 I seeing him in Ireland a buying the frieze,  
 and dat is the same St. Patrick bought :  
 He's a better Saint than ever,  
 hungry Scotland ever did breed ;

By

By my shalvashion, he was my Relaunchion,  
 and had a great kindness for honest poor teague  
 Therefore says teagus I will my shoul,  
 lay down my Arms and pluck out my beads,  
 Under this geud holy cross with I fall,  
 and say Pater Noster, and some of our creed  
 Teague begun with great devotion  
 for to adore St Patrick's cross;  
 the wind set a blowing and turn'd the sails going  
 and gave my dear joy a damnable toss,  
 Sawney laught to see how poor teague  
 lay scratching his ears on top of the grass,  
 Swearing by Chreest 'twas the de'els whirligig  
 and none he was sure of St. Patrick's cross.  
 Teague cry'd out in a mighty passion,  
 ah! by my shoul i'm very much sore,  
 By my shalvashion this shall be a caution,  
 to trust to St. Patrick's kindness no more.  
 Sauney to Teague then scoffing cry'd,  
 St. Patrick was but a very sad loon,  
 To hit you such a sore bang on the hide,  
 for kneeling before him and asking a boon:  
 Prithee teague serve good St Andrew,  
 he by my shoul was a muckle good man;  
 Since your St. Patrick has lerv'd you such a tripe  
 I'd see the de'el take him e'er trust him again

F I N I S.